Which 1400. yeeres ago were naild,
For our aduantage, on the bitter crosse.
But this our purpose now is twelue month old,
And bootlesse t'is to tell you we will goe.
Therefore we meete not now: then let me heare
Of you my gentle Cosen Westmerland,
What yester night our Counsell did decree
In forwarding this deere expedience.
West. My liege, this haste was hot in question,
And many limits of the charge set downe
But yesternight, when all athwart there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdforshire to fight
Against the irregular, and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
A thousand of his people butchered,
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation
By those Welchwomen done, as may not be
Without much shame, retold, or spoken of.
King. It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our businesse for the holy Land.
West. This matcht with other like my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes
Came from the North, and thus it did import:
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approoued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did spend
A sad and bloudy houre:
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse
Vncertaine of the issue any way.
King. Here is deare, a true industrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse.

Stain'd with the variation of each soile,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this seate of ours:
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,
The Earle of Douglas is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights
Balkt in their owne blood. Did sir Walter see
On Holmedons plaines, of prisoners Hotspur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Athol,
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable spoile?
A gallant prize? Ha cosen, is it not? In faith it is.
West. A conquest for a Prince to boast of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a sonne:
A sonne, who is the theame of honors tongue,
Amongst a groue, the very straightest plant,
Who is sweete fortunes minion and her pride,
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,
See ryot and dishonour staine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd
In cradle-clothes, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet,
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What think you cose
Of this yong Percies pride? The prisoners,
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word,
I shall haue none, but Mordake Earle of Fife.
West. This is his vnckles teaching: This is Worcester,
Malecuolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp
The crest of youth against your dignitie.
King. But I haue sent for him to answere this:
And for this cause, a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.